

James Madison, Fourth President.

**J**AMES MADISON was born in Orange county, Virginia, March 16th, 1757. He graduated at Princeton college in 1771, and two years afterward commenced the practice of the law in his native State. He was elected to the General Assembly of Virginia in 1776, and the next year appointed a member of the

Executive Council. He was chosen a delegate to the Continental Congress in 1779, and continued in that post until 1784. Two years afterward, he was appointed a delegate to a Convention held at Annapolis, Md., for the purpose of adopting uniform commercial regulations binding upon all the colonies. But five States



were represented, and the delegates adjourned on recommending a National Convention of all the States, to be held at Philadelphia, in May, 1787. At this Convention, of which Mr Madison was an active and leading member, the Constitution of the United States was finally adopted. Returning from the National Convention, Mr. Madison was elected to the State Convention for ratifying the Constitution, and exerted all his energy and influence to secure that object. It was finally achieved by the vote of 89 to 79, and Virginia consequently gave in her adhesion to the Constitution. He was elected to the House of Representatives, and remained a leading member of Congress until the close of Washington's administration.

In 1794, Mr. Madison married Mrs. Dolly Paine Todd, of Philadelphia, who, by her numerous graces of mind and person, is justly esteemed one of the most distinguished women of her time. In 1797, he retired from Congress, and accepted a seat in the Virginia Legislature. Here, in 1798, he made a report on the alien and sedition laws which is regarded as the text-book of State rights.

In 1801, Mr. Madison was appointed Secretary of State by Mr. Jefferson, which important post he occupied during the whole of Mr. Jefferson's administration, and succeeded him as President, in 1809. In the third year of his administration, the commercial difficulties which had for a long time existed between Great Britain and the United States broke out into open rupture, and war was declared by Congress against the mother country. Shortly after, he was re-nominated and elected to the Presidency.

The leading event of his administration was the war with England, and Mr. Madison showed his willingness to conclude it, honorably, at the first opportunity, in consequence of which a treaty of peace was signed at Ghent, in December, 1814.

Mr. Madison was sixty-six years of age when he retired from public life to his beautiful seat of Montpelier, Virginia, where the remainder of his days was passed in peaceful and domestic pleasures. In 1829, he was sent to the State Convention to revise the Constitution of Virginia, and for several years acted in the capacity of Visitor and Rector of the University of Virginia. Besides, he was president of an agricultural society, before which he delivered an address still celebrated for its beauty, eloquence, and practical ideas. Mr. Madison died on the 28th of June, 1836, at the age of eighty-five years. He was mourned sincerely by the whole nation, and his grateful countrymen conferred upon him, as an ever-enduring token of their love and respect, and as an acknowledgment of his great services to his country, the proud title of "The Father of the Constitution."

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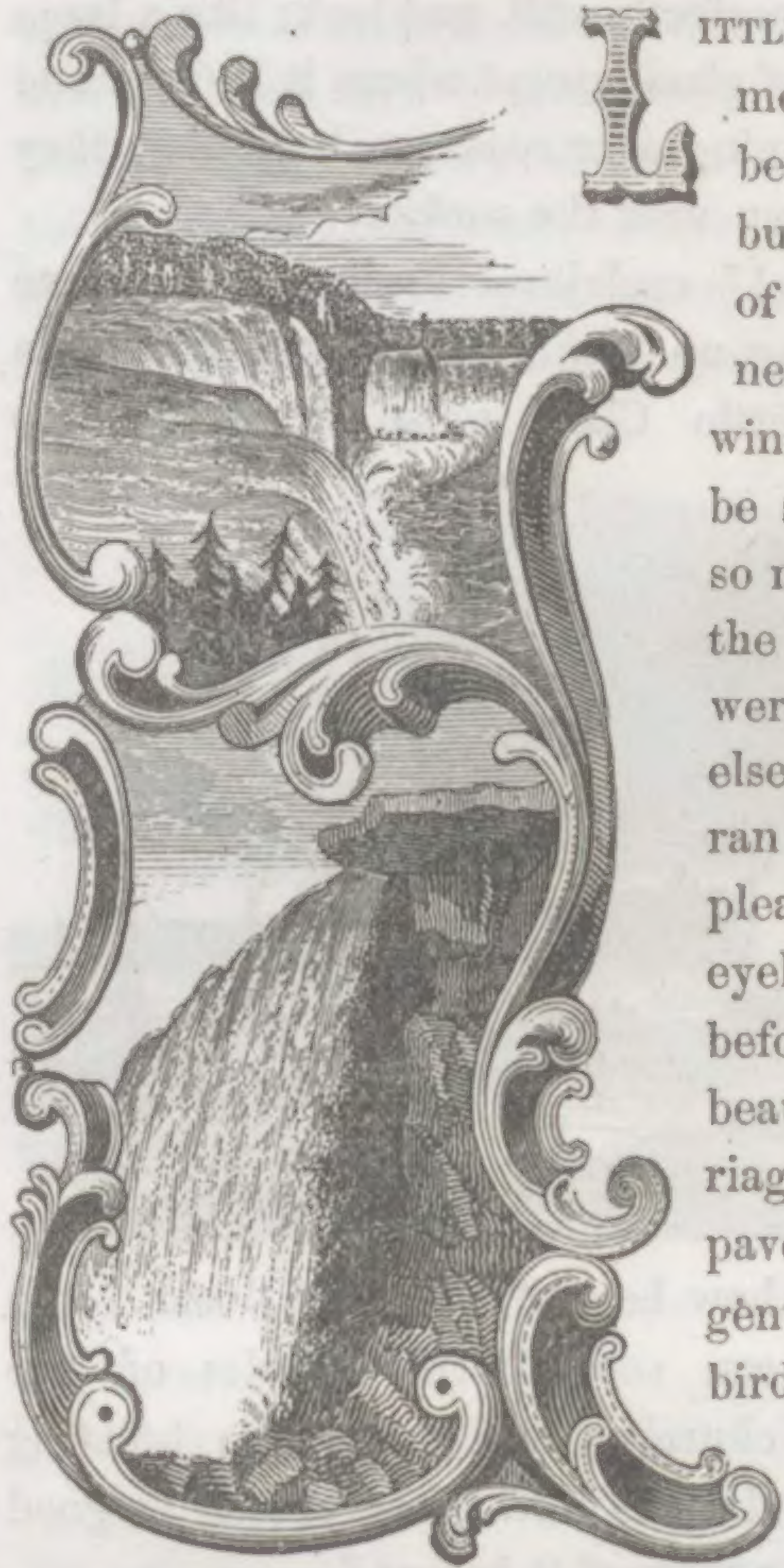
### Hope.



BRIGHT and beautiful bird is hope; it comes to us mid darkness and storm, and sings sweetest when our spirits are saddest, and when the lone soul is weary and longs to pass away, it warbles its sweetest notes, and lightens again the slender fibres of our hearts that grief has been wearing away.



## A Trip To The Falls.



**L**ITTLE EMILY and CLARA were early awake on a bright morning in July, for they had been promised the day before a trip to the Falls. They had never been there, but their mother had told them much of the wonders of this mighty cataract, when they had drawn up near her in their little chairs as she sat knitting in the winter evenings, and how the beautiful rainbow could be seen every day when the sun shone. They were so much excited by the thoughts of seeing it, and of the pleasant trip down and back, that their little hearts were filled with joy, and they could think of nothing else as they kissed their mother "good night" and ran merrily off to bed. Their dreams were filled with pleasant visions, and it was no wonder that their little eyelids opened early, and that they were up long before the sun had made his appearance. It was a beautiful morning. The great omnibuses, and carriages which make so much noise in rattling over the pavements had not begun to move—a warm breeze gently stirred the leaves of the trees—bright little birds were singing sweet songs in the branches, and the eastern sky was filled with a golden light, while fleecy, fairy-like clouds floated over the lake. As they looked out from the window, Emily

and Clara thought it the most delightful morning they had ever seen. Their hearts were full of happiness in anticipation of the day's enjoyment.

They thought it a long time before their mother came down, and their little stock of patience was well-nigh exhausted before the breakfast bell rang, so eager were they to be on their way. They sat down to the table, but the excitement had taken away their appetites, and they ate scarcely any thing. Their mother tried hard to coax them to eat, but it wouldn't do the least bit of good—their appetites had taken wings and gone to the Falls before them. It was still two long, long hours before the steamboat started, and the clock was watched as closely as ever a cat watched a mouse, and the minute hand did not seem to go at all, so much slower was it than the wishes of our young travelers. But, at last, and it seemed an age to them—the carriage drove up to the door and was greeted with a shout of delight by Emily and Clara, who came running through the hall from the window where they had been watching, their little faces glowing with excitement, and their bright blue eyes sparkling with joy. In they jumped, and were followed by their mother and their cousin CHARLES, who was going with



them instead of their father, who was obliged to be in his office to transact some important business. The driver having closed the door, mounted upon the seat and cracked his whip, away went the horses, and they were soon at the wharf where the steamboat lay. It was the steamer Emerald, a beautiful craft, that runs down the river to the Falls and back, twice a day in summer, when there are a great many people traveling this route. Soon, the steam began to escape from the pipes with a great noise, which so frightened Clara that she ran screaming to her mother, and it was some time before she could be induced to leave her again. The wheels commenced to go round and round, and the boat began to move, and somebody has made a picture of her as she is leaving the harbor. Here it is.



Soon the boat had passed the light house, which is a high tower, built of stone on the end of the pier out in the lake. In the top there is a large lantern which is lighted up every night, and can be seen by sailors many miles off upon the water. It is by this light that they steer their ships, so as to get safely into the harbor when it is so dark that they cannot see their way, and would otherwise be in danger of running upon the rocks or upon the shore.

Here we are now, fairly out into the river. How smooth it is. The water lies down perfectly still, and looks like a large plate of glass, except where it is disturbed by running over rocks so large that they come up near the surface.

"Oh!" exclaimed Emily, as she came running up to where her cousin Charles and little Clara were standing, "see



how beautiful the city looks. We can see all the steeples of the churches, and every fine building there is in it. I never had so good a view of it before."

"Yes," replied Charles, "you can see it a great deal better than when in the streets, with high buildings all around you. It now looks like a picture, gradually rising from the water and stretching far away until it is lost in a dim outline."

A sudden splash of water against the boat as it turned into the rapids, and a shower of spray, again frightened little Clara, who had never before seen so much water so near her, nor such strange things as they have on a steamboat. But Emily was all alive with the new objects around her, first looking out upon the water, which here is whirled into little



eddies—then upon the movements of the machinery of the boat. There was one thing that puzzled her very much, and she could not make it out until her cousin Charles told her it was the “walking beam.” The scenery along the shore being strange attracted much of her attention. Soon her eyes fell upon something on the Canada side, which looked very much like this picture.



“What are those old walls, cousin Charles? They look like the ruins of ancient castles we read of in the story books. I did not know that there were any such in this country. How came they out in that field,” were the eager inquiries of Emily.

“That which you see,” replied Charles, “was once Fort Erie. It was built by the French, a great many years ago, when they owned Canada, to protect themselves against the Indians. When the British conquered Canada, the Fort fell into their hands. It was enlarged by them, and during the last war between the United States and England, it was the scene of several severe battles. It was taken, with its small garrison, by the Americans. Afterward it was besieged by the British for a great number of days, and there was much fighting, and a great many men were killed and wounded on both sides. I will tell you a little incident. During the siege, boats passed over from our side with men in them and entered the fort,

for it came down to the water. In one of these boats was Dr. Johnson, who used to live up in the Park where the Female Seminary is now, and several others. The British tried to keep these boats away by firing at them with their large guns. A cannon ball came along pretty swiftly and took off the head of one of the oarsmen, and then went right through the bottom of the boat. Dr. Johnson and the other men made out to save themselves, as they were quite near the shore. After a long time the British attacked the Fort one dark night, but were beaten and driven back. Many of them put their scaling ladders against the walls and climbed up into the fort, when a magazine of powder caught fire and blew up with a great noise which was heard for many miles, and shattered the walls, and what you see there is but a small part of them as it is nearly forty years since they have been used.”

“It is so pleasant over there. I wonder how men could be so wicked as to kill one another, even if there was a war,” said Emily, as she turned away in search of some new attraction.

The boat had got into the rapid current and was darting down the river very fast. Villages, and dwellings nestling away in a clump of trees, and pleasant Islands, not much above the water, were passed while Emily and Charles were talking about Fort Erie. As for little Clara, she had sought refuge by the side of her mother in the cabin, and was gently sleeping upon a nice little sofa, which seemed to be made purposely for children to lie on.

But Emily continued under the awning on the deck,—her eyes bewildered by the multitude of new sights that came in view



as they moved swiftly along. Her tongue kept nearly as busy as her eyes, much to the amusement of Charles, who good naturedly replied to her many inquiries about every thing that she did not understand. There were Strawberry Island, Grand Island, Navy Island, and I don't know how many more. After a while the water began to run faster and faster, and became more disturbed, and this warned them that they were approaching the Falls. The boat went into Chippewa Creek about two miles and a half above them, as it is dangerous to venture any nearer. Here they found a small old village, mostly built of wooden houses, which looked dull and dreary. The boat stopped and Charles helped Emily and Clara, and their mother from the boat, and they all got into the cars. But it amused them very much when, instead of bringing an engine to draw them, they hitched on a couple of wretched looking horses. But they started and our little travelers could not keep their seats. They were continually jumping up and looking out of the windows for they could hear the loud roar of the Falls and they were anxious to catch a first glimpse of them.

The horses went so slowly, that, although the distance was not very great, Emily and Clara both became impatient; so Charles, to amuse them, told the story of the Battle of Chippewa during the last war, which took place on the 5th of July 1814, just thirty-eight years ago — He told them how Gen. Scott defeated the British and Indians, and made them run as fast as they could across the creek they had come into with the steamboat. They listened to him with so much

eagerness that they found themselves at the end of the journey, before they thought of it. They were not long in getting out of the dismal cars, and having procured a carriage they rode through a pleasant lawn-like way, until they reached the hotel. But our little travelers were so much excited by this, their first view of the Falls — so bewildered by the loud roaring of the waters which almost stunned them — so delighted withal in looking upon the rising mist, and the beautiful rainbow far beneath them, that they stood and gazed in silence — not even their light hearts could find words to express their thoughts about this new wonder. But at length Charles came to call them to dinner and they reluctantly left the spot.

"Where does all this water come from, cousin Charles?" asked Clara, as if somewhat conscious of the vastness of the object which had riveted her attention.

"It comes," Charles replied "from afar off. *First* there is the Niagara River, then Lake Erie, then Detroit River, then Lake St. Clair, then St. Clair River, then Lake Huron, then the Straits of Mackinaw, and above these Lake Superior and Lake Michigan, and a great number of large rivers and little brooks that run into them and they all come foaming and tumbling down over these rocks, and find their way to the Atlantic Ocean through Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence."

"It is no wonder it makes such a big noise," remarked Emily.

After they had finished their dinner — which did not take a great while, as all were anxious to see as much of the Falls as they could — Mrs. NORTON, for such was Emily and Clara's mother's name —



concluded they had better first go to Table Rock and see the Horse Shoe Fall.

"Why do they call this the Horse Shoe Fall, mamma," asked Emily.

"Do you not see, my daughter, that its shape somewhat resembles the shoe on the horse's foot? When this name was given to it, it looked more like one than it does now," replied Mrs. Norton.

"Oh I see," eagerly responded Emily, "here on this side and over by that tower on the other, it extends farther out than it does in the middle, and is almost a semicircle."

"Go to the museum, ladies?" asked a queer looking genius. "Want a guide?" interrupted another. "I'll show you the Battle-Ground," chimed in a third, and many questions of the same sort were asked as they walked along, which much amused the younger members of the party, although Clara was rather shy of these strange people, and kept close at her mother's side.

After feasting their eyes on the great cataract from the Canada side, they turned and walked slowly along the bank toward the ferry. Emily came near falling over, and being dashed to pieces upon the rocks, several hundred feet below, in her eagerness to gather a bunch of pretty blue and white flowers that grew near the edge under a cedar tree. She was much frightened and Charles took hold of her hand and led her the rest of the way. They went down a long and winding path or road which had been cut out of the rocks, along the sides of which ran tiny streams of water, and miniature falls came leaping from the high bank and were scattered in mist long before they reached the bottom. Green bushes

and bright flowers too, grew on the side, and Clara was so much pleased with the spot, that she wished her mother would build a house and live there.

After a somewhat wearisome walk, they arrived at the river, where there was a ferryman with a little boat to take them over. They all got in and the ferryman pushed off from the shore, and put the oars in their places and began to row. Soon the boat was dancing on the water which was in great commotion, eddying and whirling about, for it was coming up from the bottom where it had plunged in its fall from the rocks above. The passengers, all but Charles, were somewhat frightened, and held on to the seats, and held their breath, as if they feared the boat would capsize. But the ferryman knew what he was about, and in a little while landed them on the opposite side, without their being hurt or wet at all. There was a long, covered building extending from the water as far up the bank as they could see. It looked something like a rope-walk, that is, the place where ropes are made. But soon something came rattling down very fast, making a great noise, and on looking in, they discovered that it was a car which was fastened to long ropes, and used to draw people up and let them down with. At the top was some machinery moved by water power, which wound up the ropes in ascending, around a roller, and let them out again in descending. They jumped into the car, and away they went, but it looked a great ways, and was so steep and dark that little Clara was afraid, and nestling close to her mother, held on to her hand. There came a gust of wind which blew her bonnet off, and



Charles had to come down the stairs more than half way to get it again.

When they were on the top of the bank they saw a beautiful grove of trees, and a tall temple-like building which

seemed to the children to be the original of the Pagodas, the pictures of which they had seen in books about China. They then went to a place called Prospect Point and had a nice view. Here it is



"How delightful," exclaimed Emily. "Oh, do, mother, see that little steamboat way up under the Falls. The people will certainly be drowned."

"There is no danger," replied Mrs. Norton. "The steamboat has been there a great many times, and is not so small as it looks; for it is a long ways down there. Its name is the 'Maid of the Mist,' because, I suppose, it makes its voyages in the mist that rises from the Falls."

"Well, I should'nt like to go in it," rejoined Emily. "What makes the people on it look so queer? They are not Indians, are they?"

"No," said Mrs. Norton. "But they are dressed in India rubber clothes to protect them from the spray that falls

upon them like a gentle shower of rain, and would soon wet their common clothing through."

After enjoying the prospect here for awhile, they turned toward the bridge that leads over the American rapids to the Islands. They wandered slowly along, looking at every object of interest that came in their way,—and children always find plenty of them in a new place. They saw an Indian woman sitting on a little grassy bank, with a basket by her side. In it there were many curious things,—little deer-skin shoes and large ones which the Indians call moccasins, all beautifully worked with many colored beads and porcupine quills, and fans, and a great many other articles. Charles bought a pair of shoes for Emily



and Clara, and a little box of white maple sugar, which the Indians call a *mococh*, made of birch bark, and ornamented with the quills of the porcupine,

colored, that they might have something to keep to remember their first visit to the Falls. But here they are at the bridge.



They had got nearly across, when they came to a gate. So Charles had to go into an office and pay twenty-five cents apiece for crossing, which Emily thought was a great deal of money for so short a bridge. He saw in a little room, not far off, which looked like a parlor, a basket of nice strawberries, and they all went in and had some with sugar and cream, which refreshed them very much.

They then resumed their walk along a pleasant path upon the bank, with tall trees, and bushes, and pretty flowers all around them, and the sunlight occasionally peeping through the branches, which gave a lively charm to the enchanted scene. The path led them to the brink of the precipice, and going close to the edge, they looked and again saw the bright rainbow hanging far down below them, resting, it seemed, each end upon

the rocks, while the middle danced about in the mist.

"What a queer place this is," exclaimed Clara, as she pointed to a long narrow ridge fringed with cedar bushes.

"That is called the 'Hog's Back,' from its shape I suppose," remarked Charles.



"What a horrid name for any thing in such a beautiful place," added Emily.



As ugly as its name seemed, they had a most excellent view from the "Hogs Back," of the American Falls,—the river below with its eddying and foaming currents,—its high rocky walls on either side, and the sparkling and dancing waters all around them.

"Oh let us go down to that little Island. It is but a step, and there is a bridge, and we can get over it very easily," exclaimed Emily.

"Be very careful," said her mother. Let Charles help you and Clara down the bank, for we are close to the edge, and if you attempt to go alone, you might slip and fall over."

But they all reached the little rustic bridge in safety, and crossing over, sat down on a rock which was covered with moss and shaded with trees. Here they rested and gazed upon the Falls at the same time.

"What is the name of this Island, mother," asked Emily.

"It is Luna Island, my child."

"Oh, I remember," continued Emily, "it is the place where little Annette Deforrest fell into the water, two or three years ago, and they could not get her out, so she was carried over the Falls there, and killed on the rocks below. I'll be very careful mother."

While they were sitting here, Charles told them about the three profiles, which, by looking very closely, you can see in the above picture.

And how, a great many years ago they could be seen pretty plainly on the rock under the Falls. They were of a very large size, and the upper one had a flat nose and thick lips, and very much resembled the portrait of a negro. The



others, lower down, looked like white men. But the water has worn away the nose, and the mouth, and the chin, so that you cannot now see any portrait at all. This picture was made a long time since, when they were there—He also told them about the Cave of the winds, which is down where their little feet could not get. It is a very large cave, about one hundred feet high, with a wall of rock on the back side, and a sheet of falling water in front that leaps from the cliff far above. There is a frightful noise in here, made by the whistling and shrieking of the winds, which, mingled with the thunder-like roar of the water, almost deafens any one who ventures into the cave. On the next page is a picture of its entrance.

They sat here two long hours, Emily and Clara scarcely moving, or speaking,





ENTRANCE TO CAVE OF THE WINDS.

except to ask some questions, so interested were they in what Charles was telling them. But at length, as it was getting toward the middle of the afternoon, they recrossed the little bridge, clambered up the "Hog's back" by taking hold of the *bristles*, as Emily playfully called the Cedar bushes, and walked along the bank to the other side of the Island, where they went up into the tower, and took another look at the rapids where the water came rolling and tumbling down the river in white foam, and at the Horse Shoe Fall, of which they had a capital view from their observatory. When they came down, they wandered around a little while longer, and then returned by a path across the Island, to the Bridge, and then over to the Cataract Hotel.—Charles went out and got a

carriage, and drove down to the Suspension Bridge. [See picture on next page.]

When they came near it, they got out, and Charles fastened his horses to an oak tree, that they might stand in the shade, for the sun was very warm, and then they walked down to a tower at the end of the bridge, where stood a man to take the toll, or pay, for passing over. They went about half way across, and then stopped and looked down into the river, which was between two and three hundred feet below. The water was jumping, and tumbling, and tossing about, and was all covered with white foam, as white as new milk. Emily dropped a stone to see how long it would take it to reach the water. But she lost sight of it before it struck, it was so far. The wind was blowing, not very hard though, but enough to make the bridge swing a little, which Clara did not seem to like very well, as she began to tease her mother to go back with her.

"How did they build this bridge up so high, cousin Charles," inquired Emily. "I am sure no boat could go over the river here, and then, how could they climb up the steep bank with all this stone."

"I'll tell you," replied Charles. "The engineer who undertook to build this bridge, set his wits to work to find out a way to begin. By and by he hit upon a plan. He made a large kite, and tied a strong cord to it. This, when the wind was in the right direction, he flew over the river, just as you have seen boys fly kites in the street. It lodged on the bank on the other side. To the cord he fastened a wire, so that he was able to draw it over. When a beginning had been made, it was easy enough to go on drawing over other wires until the bridge





SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

RICHARDSON



was finished as you now see it. It is a great curiosity, but they are going to build it still larger—so strong that railroad-cars can cross it."

"I should'nt like to ride over in the cars, it's so high," rejoined Emily.

After seeing all the sights at the bridge they got into the carriage again, and drove back to the Falls. They had thought

of going down to see the whirlpool, but it was growing late, and they hadn't time. They had scarcely arrived at the hotel, when they heard a bell, and the peculiar noise a locomotive makes, when the steam is up—you all know how it sounds better than I can spell it—and then up rushed the evening train from the Depot. Here it is.



They were not long in getting aboard, with a great many other passengers, and the large wheels began to turn round and then the smaller ones, and the whole train started off at a rapid rate for Buffalo. In a short time, Emily looked out of the window of the car they were in, and saw a few houses, and off on the river, near the other side, the little steamboat that brought them down in the morning.



Charles said this was Schlosser, where there was, a long time ago, an old French Fort.

"What a funny name," said Emily. "I never could pronounce it at school."

But the whole party was very much fatigued by their riding and rambling, and little Clara was soon sound asleep, with her hand resting on her mother's lap, and holding in her hand the moccasins Charles had bought for her. Emily, as the sun went down, lost her curiosity, and was too tired to listen. The cars rattled on. It was not a great while, however, before they stopped, and the noise of the escaping steam roused the passengers, and on looking out they found they were in front of the Western



Hotel. Emily soon caught a glimpse of her father, who had been waiting for them with the carriage. She ran out to meet him, and they all got in and were soon at home. Bridget had the supper all ready, and they were quite ready for the supper too. After it was over, Emily and Clara tried to tell their papa all about their day's adventures, and what they had seen, but their little eyelids soon grew heavy, and they were obliged to run off to bed, and to leave their story unfinished till the morning. E. E. B.

### Fireside Story of Honesty.

ONE evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the way-side near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took out a loaf of bread which he had bought in the town, and broke it and gave half to his boy.

"Not so, father," said the boy; "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working hard all day, for small wages, to support me, and you must be very hungry; I shall wait until you are done."

"You speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased father; "your love for me does me more good than my food; and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother who has left us, who told you to love me as she used to do; and indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me: but now that I have eaten the first morsel to please you, it is your turn to eat."

"Thank you, father; but break this piece in two, and take you a little more,

for you see the loaf is not large, and you require much more than I do."

"I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy; but eat it I shall not; I have abundance—and let us thank God for his great goodness in giving us food, and giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven, to nourish our immortal souls, how should he not give us all other food which is necessary to support our mortal souls?"

The father and son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces to begin their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf, there fell out several pieces of gold of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father.

"My son, my son!" he cried, "do not touch that money; it is not ours."

"But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?"

"I know not, as yet, to whom it belongs; but probably it was put there by the baker, through some mistake. We must inquire. Run."

"But, father," interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf, and the baker may tell a lie, and——"

"I will not listen to you, my boy; I bought this loaf, but I did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him. Remember Him who has told us to do to others as we would have them do to us. The baker may possibly cheat us. I am poor indeed, but that is no sin. If we share



the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, O! let us share, also, his goodness, and his trust in God. We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done, should we die in doing it! Yes, my boy, *trust in God, and walk in his ways, and you shall never be put to shame.* Now run to the baker and bring him here; and I shall watch the gold until he comes." So the boy ran for the baker.

"Brother workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money;" and he showed the baker the gold, and told him how it had been found.

"Is it thine?" asked the father; "if it is, take it away."

"My father, baker, is very poor, and —"

"Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money."

The baker had been gazing, alternately, upon the honest father and his eager boy,

and upon the gold which lay glittering upon the green turf. "Thou art, indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker; "and my neighbor David, the flax-dresser, spoke but the truth when he said thou wert the honestest man in town. Now, I shall tell thee about the gold. A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away to the honestest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me as a customer, this morning; as thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last pence in thy purse; and the loaf with all its treasure—and, certes, it is not small,—is thine, and God grant thee a blessing with it!" The poor father bent his head to the ground, while the tears fell upon his eyes. His boy ran and put his hand about his neck, and said, "I shall always, like you, my father, trust God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."

## Editor's Table.

**W**ELL! here we are, once more, seated for a bit of a chat with the scores on scores of friends we have succeeded in collecting together, from Maine to Missouri. And what shall we say? It is warm, very warm, and to us poor roasting martyrs, who are walled up to it in the city, the old sun seems to say, as he glares down upon us, with his great fiery eye: "ha! I have got you there! and now see what a roasting I will give you!" and, in truth, one would think there was to be no end to the bright,

scorching rays he is pouring upon us, from morning till night. All the green and beautiful tints of the fields and flowers around us seem almost to be getting sear, so thirsty and parched are they. How is it with you in the country, little friends? Ah! you can now and then get away into the cool shadows of the groves, and enjoy yourselves, little mindful of how we are taking it, here. However, it is all right, and we are as patient as we can be, hoping for some refreshing showers to cool us off, before long.



Our little correspondent, Lucy Ann, writes to us that she is much pleased with the Casket, which we are very glad of, and thank her for telling us so, for we are always pleased to hear, as, in truth, we often do, that our efforts to please are successful. We should be glad to hear from Lucy Ann again.

One little boy, who sent us some four or five enigmas, may be disappointed in not seeing them in the Casket; but the reason for their non-appearance is, that he sent no answers with them, and we are too busy, and have too many answers from others to attend to, to be at the trouble of working out the answers ourselves. He must write his enigmas over again, in a careful hand, and send them with the answers, and all will be right. And here we would say, to all who send us enigmas, write them with pen and ink, in a clear hand, being very particular to separate well between the figures, so that there will be no mistake in setting them up. Write every letter and figure perfectly plain, and point them as you see we print them.

Our friends will see that we have taken up a good share of the present number with "A trip to the Falls." It had so many pretty pictures, and was so interesting, that we thought it would be better published all together; and it will certainly be much better so, when bound into a volume. We can't, however, promise quite so many pictures for them in our next, though we expect to have some pretty ones.

#### ENIGMA NO. XXI.

I am composed of 50 letters. My 10, 39, 4, 15, 12, is a lake in North America. My 30, 3, 13, is an animal. My 5, 2, 34, 22, 1, 6, is a boy's name. My 19, 47, 26, is a part of the face. My 37, 31, 40, is a fowl. My 20, 41, 4, is a tree. My 25, 43, 8, 26, is a fruit. My 14, 11, 32, is a kind of ware. My 44, 39, 9, 24, is in every street. My 7, 21, 44, 18, is a preposition. My 16, 27, 17, is of great value to fishermen. My 23, 29, 44, 38, is a part of the body. My 28, 33, 47, 36, 49, is a structure. My 15, 35, is a preposition. My 45, 46, 3, 25, is a word often used. My 48, 15, 50, 50, is a verb. My whole is a narrative in the Youth's Casket.

ANN.

#### ENIGMA NO. XXII.

I am composed of 16 letters. My 5, 16, is a preposition. My 16, 11, 3, is used in fishing. My 3, 6, 7, 10, is a small animal. My 14, 3, 11, 6, 4, is what wicked people often do. My 14, 11, 12, 11, 14, is a city in Turkey. My 7, 9, 12, 11, is what we very often want. My 13, 11, 4, 3, was a distinguished patriot. My 4, 2, 14, 10, 9, 16, is a city in Portugal. My 1, 6, 8, 14, 6, 1, is a city in Russia. My whole is a lawyer in the city of Buffalo.

SARAH.

#### ENIGMA NO. XXIII.

I am composed of 11 letters. My 4, 5, 7, 7, is what every church needs to be supplied with. My 10, 8, 9, 2, 4, 5, is a river in Europe. My 3, 5, is a personal pronoun. My 10, 2, 9, is a color. My 4, 5, 5, is an insect. My 4, 5, 7, is an idol. My 4, 7, 2, 5, is a color. My 1, 8, 2, 7, is a membrane. My 10, 5, 5, 6, is an animal. My 1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, is what some people like to eat. My whole is a river in the United States.

KINAU

#### ENIGMA NO. XXIV.

I am composed of 14 letters. My 10, 6, 12, 13, 14, 4, is a city in Italy. My 8, 14, 7, 3, 14, 4, 4, 14, 14, is a state in North America. My 6, 5, 8, 9, 16, is a village in this state. My 1, 14, 1, 9, 13, is a village in Maryland. My 4, 12, 6, 9, 10, is a country in Europe. My 12, 2, is a river in Austria. My 4, 6, 3, 6, is a city in Arabia. My 1, 6, 3, 8, 2, 10, is a city in China. My 10, 9, 13, 14, is a river in Africa. My whole is a city in Europe.

JOHN H. BARKER.

#### ENIGMA NO. XXV.

I am composed of 21 letters. My 16, 5, 1, is a person spoken of in the Bible. My 12, 3, 17, is the name of a sea. My 2, 8, 7, is a garden utensil. My 15, 13, 3, is useful in Summer. My 16, 11, 13, 4, is an adverb. My 14, 10, is an interjection. My 19, 18, 15, 20, is a state. My 9, 8, 5, 21, is essential to life. My whole is what we all dearly love.

HATTIE AUSTIN.

#### ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

Enigma No. xvii. was answered by William H. Thomas, "Kinau" and Lucy Ann. Enigma No. xviii. was answered by Hattie Austin, William H. Thomas, "Effie" and Lucy Ann. Enigma No. xix. was answered by Hattie Austin, and Lucy Ann. Enigma No. xx. was answered by Kinau, William H. Thomas, and Lucy Ann.

ENIGMA NO. xvii.—Three Months under the Snow.

ENIGMA NO. xviii.—Cathedral.

ENIGMA NO. xix.—Daniel Webster.

ENIGMA NO. xx.—Martha Washington.